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Bios
Young

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MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

1869-
1922

ANDREW YOUNG

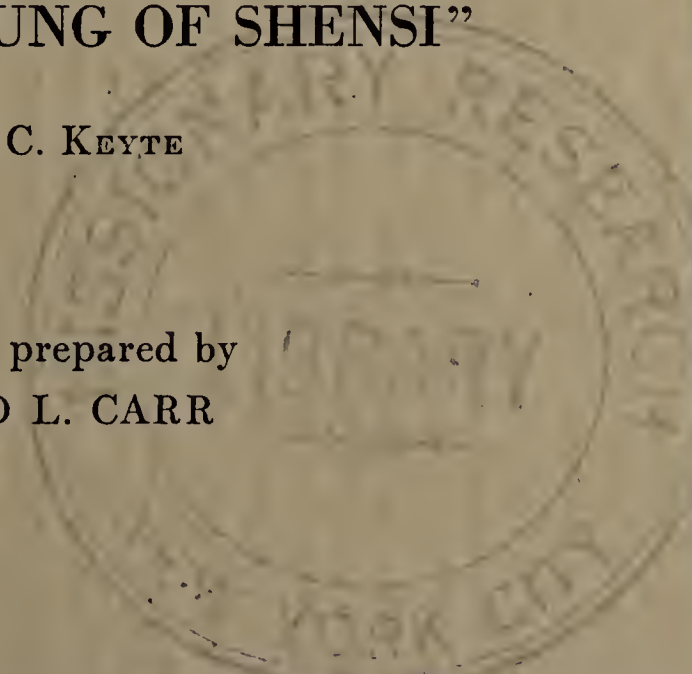
Representative of the Great Physician in Shensi

SOURCE BOOK

"ANDREW YOUNG OF SHENSI"

By J. C. KEYTE

Program prepared by
FLOYD L. CARR



BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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Programs based upon "ANDREW YOUNG OF SHENSI"

By J. C. KEYTE

The Carey Press, London

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One, Two and Three are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the boys to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the thirty-five other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One, Two and Three, listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based may be loaned through public libraries or purchased from the American Baptist Publication Society and other book-selling agencies.

Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy or \$1.50 for each set of twelve.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i. e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, etc.—they were especially prepared for the *Royal Ambassadors*, a world outlook organization for 'teen age boys originating in the southland and since adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist boys by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Matthew 25:34-46. Verses 36 and 40: "I was sick and ye visited me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." As a physician and surgeon in Shensi, China, Dr. Andrew Young proved himself a worthy follower of The Great Physician. (See the closing paragraph on page 188 of "Andrew Young of Shensi" by J. C. Keyte and the excerpts printed under item number twelve in this program entitled, "His Medical Ministry.")
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "O Jesus, I Have Promised." This hymn was composed by John E. Bode in 1869, the year of the birth of Andrew Young. Perhaps more than any other hymn, it expresses the fervor and singleness of purpose on his part to dedicate his life to the service of Jesus Christ and those for whom Christ died. (See especially pages 18 to 21 of the above book, excerpts from which will be found under item number five in this booklet, entitled: "Boyhood Influences.")
4. Introduction to the Life Story* (based upon the brief sketch in this booklet—pages 4 and 5).
5. Boyhood Influences. (Pages 18, 19-20, 20-21 of the source book: "Andrew Young of Shensi" by J. C. Keyte.)
6. Enlisting for Missionary Service. (Pages 26-27, 85.)
7. Deciding to Prepare for Medical Service. (Pages 62-63, 73-74.)
8. Earnest Christian Service in Africa. (Pages 95, 102-103.)
9. Beginning Medical Work in Shensi, China. (Pages 110-111, 113-114.)
10. His Marriage to Dr. Charlotte Murdoch. (Pages 139-140, 142-143, 145.)
11. His First Woman Patient. (Pages 164-166.)
12. His Medical Ministry. (Pages 152, 177, 185, 253.)
13. In Peril at the Beginning of the Revolution. (Pages 236-237, 241-242, 243, 244.)
14. Paying the Penalty of Overwork. (Pages 288-289, 300-301, 309, 310-311.)

*The leader should master the brief summary given in this booklet and read the book, "Andrew Young of Shensi," by J. C. Keyte, upon which this program is based.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ANDREW YOUNG

Scotland, the home of a host of illustrious missionaries—to mention no more than James Chalmer, Alexander Duff, James Gilmour, David Livingstone, Alexander Mackay, Robert Moffat and John Paton—added another star to her crown in cradling Andrew Young. He was born at Crossdykes, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in the year 1869. When the lad was but three, the family moved to Langholm, an important center in the tweed cloth industry. His father became an elder in the Church and was active in religious work. His mother was a woman of deep spiritual insight.

His schooling, and later his service as a pupil-teacher at Langholm Academy, gave him an excellent foundation in the essentials of an education. When twenty-one he enlisted for service in Congo, Africa, as a transport agent under the Congo-Bololo Mission, established by Dr. Harry Guinness. His six years of service in Africa served as a preparation for his notable ministry in Shensi, China. First at Matadi and later at Lukunga, he added to his transport duties an evangelistic and medical ministry and greatly endeared himself to the people. The physical needs of the natives of the Congo directed his thought to the value of the service rendered by a medical missionary and he wrote home to Scotland: "If I am spared to come home after three years, I should like to take a course in medicine as a medical missionary."

A third and very severe attack of the dreaded Blackwater fever terminated his six years of service in Africa. On reaching Scotland, after a brief stay at home with his parents, he began his medical studies in Glasgow. To finance his course, he took a position with the Quarrier's Orphan Homes, Glasgow, a valuable experience for his future work in China. He served as a house surgeon in both the General Hospital and the Ophthalmic Hospital of Glasgow (where diseases of the eye were treated). Later he rounded-out his eight years of preparation with a course at the London Hospital, where he specialized in diseases of the eye.

In October, 1905, he sailed under the appointment of the Baptist Mission Society for hospital service at Sianfu, Shensi, China. Sianfu is the ancient capital of China and the place to which the Empress Dowager had fled from Peking in 1900, when the Boxers were defeated. It was to become the center of his work for seventeen strenuous years.

Less than two years later he was joined by Dr. Charlotte Murdoch, whose birthplace was Maryland, and who had been assisting Dr. G. Campbell Morgan in the Westminster Church, London. Three of her sisters were already engaged in missionary work in China, so that there were many cords drawing her to the Celestial Kingdom. On her arrival they were married at Shanghai, and, as a wedding trip, journeyed to Shensi by boat on the Han River, a trip requiring three months. It was the beginning of many similar journeys, for they both were natural nomads and responded ever to the lure of "the long road which stretches and the roadside fire."

The area covered by the doctors stationed at the Sianfu Hospital exceeded in size that of England, for patients were drawn from remote centers. In cases of serious illness on the part of missionaries connected with the Swedish, the Congregational or the China Inland Mission, Dr. and Mrs. Young, the one as physician and surgeon and the other as nurse, would pack their kit and take their babe and start for a ten or twelve-day journey at short notice.

It was while responding to a call for help from a remote mission station in 1911 that Dr. and Mrs. Young were caught in the upheaval attending the Revolution. Shensi province became one of the storm centers of the uprising. The lives of many foreigners in the interior were in grave danger, and though the missionaries had loyal friends, the secret societies were pledged to exterminate the foreign "invaders." Warned at Chungpu by a pupil from the mission school at Sianfu, they made their way across the mountains to the open country. Sheltered and guided by loyal helpers, hidden for a week in a cave, they were finally rescued and brought to Sianfu by a military escort.

Two years later, early in 1913, Dr. Young's two associates in the hospital work at Sianfu, Dr. H. Stanley Jenkins and Dr. Cecil F. Robertson, were both stricken with typhus fever and his furlough in the homeland was necessarily cut short. He returned at once to Shensi, doing double duty for humanity and Jesus Christ. He was never content to simply minister to the physical needs of his patients but sought ever to point all who came under his care to the Great Physician. He wrote home saying: "The staff (nurses and others) . . . begin to realize more that the cure of souls is not simply something that we indulge in in our spare moments but the objective of all our work."

After four years of almost incessant toil and anxiety, he suffered a severe breakdown in 1918 and was obliged to leave Sianfu for a complete rest. On his return to his post, the renewal of civil warfare again increased his burdens and undermined his resistance.

Great was his relief, therefore, when reinforcements arrived in England in the person of Dr. Broomhall and he was free to fulfill a long-cherished dream, and in 1921 take charge of a small hospital across the river at San Yuan. He felt that it would afford him greater opportunity to give to a smaller number of patients a larger spiritual ministry. His words at the beginning of his missionary service in Africa, "I tried to bring before him Jesus as the Savior of sinners," are especially true of the seventeen years of medical ministry in China.

In April 1922, he was stricken with that dreaded disease, "typhus" and because he had not spared himself in his unstinted service to even "the least of these my brethren," his condition was serious from the first. In spite of medical skill and devoted nursing, on April 29, 1922, his spirit passed from the hospital in Shensi to the House of Many Mansions.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ANDREW YOUNG

Reprinted from "Andrew Young of Shensi"

By J. C. Keyte

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Boyhood Influences. (Pages 18, 19-20, 20-21.)

George Young and his wife Hannah (whose maiden name was Armstrong) brought their boy of three years to Langholm in 1872. A centre of the famous tweed cloth industry, Langholm offered opportunities to men of enterprise whom the land supported ill, and immigration to the town from the country districts was a regular feature of Dumfrieshire life. For fifteen years Andrew Young received in Langholm the varied training which is given to any one who is not a fool and who lives in the pulsating microcosm of a country town which is large enough for a civic consciousness and not too large for observation of character. The parish church, the U. F. kirks, the school, the library, and the famous mills gave the town a full and varied life. *And*, it was extremely Scotch. For vivid Scottish consciousness, one goes neither to Edinburgh nor Braemar; not even to Aberdeen; but to the lowlanders of the Border country, who are so keenly aware of what they have just, and only just escaped, viz., being born south of the Tweed. And Langholm is only twenty miles north of Carlisle.

Of the many factors of his Langholm life there were three for which Andrew Young was ever thankful: his home, his church and his school. . . .

The church was the North United Free Church, where his father worshipped in 1872. George Young was one of those remarkable men, who, more even than her devoted and scholarly clergy, have made the United Free Church of Scotland what she is today. He became a member of the church in 1873 and was ordained an elder in 1882. To be an elder was no light matter. It involved a considerable amount of public speaking, religious visitation, prayer in the homes thus visited, especially in the distressing conditions of sickness and sorrow. It meant, further, the jealous maintenance of a high standard of honor in the public conduct of church affairs. In 1891 he was appointed session-clerk

and held that office until 1903. His Sunday School teaching entailed careful preparation. In addition, he was one of the founders of the Home Mission and a hard-working member of the Y. M. C. A., taking his spiritual responsibilities in connection with the Association very seriously. And this was no case of a man who neglected his daily livelihood or the duties of his home in order to play a prominent part on a public stage. He did his business well and faithfully, whilst his home was a place of genuine happiness and prosperity.

Great as the father was in character, the mother was even greater. Much of her woman's abilities would go unrecognized into the daily life of her husband, and the fact that she was hailed as a worthy "help-meet," a "second" to her husband, rather than given recognition for herself, would trouble her not at all; life was too fine, too splendid, to worry over trivial questions of precedence. There was a home to be turned into a heaven, children to be made members of Christ, an enterprise to be wrought only in the unity of the Spirit. Love and gentleness, unwearying service, unwavering faith, informed this gracious woman's nature. When the children grew up and went out into the great cities, it was she who, with her pen, week after week, kept vivid before their minds the Christ-filled life which had drawn them, whilst yet in Langholm, to the Christ himself. . . .

He solved his problem by watching the daily life of his father and mother. If they had failed him, his story might have been a very different one. Upright, cleanly, kindly, I think he would in any case have been, but instead of an explanation of life which brought him daily joy and support, he might have gone through life wistfully questioning; a stoic who could only look to "the choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence," for any hope beyond. He would in all probability have been a useful citizen, "a good man," but he would not have found the door into that Secret Garden in which he walked with his Lord. The doctors in the Temple might have answered his questions but their answers would have left him lonely and in the shadow. Joy and sunlight came to him in another place—in the home. Reading of Andrew Young's home life, one thinks of the words, so vivid as a bit of human as well as divine history, which describe the boy Jesus who returned from the Temple to Nazareth and was subject to His parents, and so "grew in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and with man."

Enlisting for Missionary Service. (Pages 26-27, 85.)

At some time during his pupil-teacher days, Andrew Young

had settled the question of his life work. His form master asked him one day what he meant to be, and the answer was definite: a missionary on the Congo. His further preparation was well thought out. The school had done all it could for him, first as a pupil and now as a teacher; if he was to become an industrial missionary—and at the time that was his plan—he would need some business experience. The next step was an office in Glasgow, where, if anywhere, the outlines of export and shipping, accountancy and business method, might be learned. As stenographer and accountant he passed two years in the city.

By 1890 he was ready, waiting for the opening which he believed would come. Nor was the expectation disappointed. Away on the Congo River, at the station of Tunduwa, the Congo-Balolo Mission had a representative who, in addition to carrying on his ordinary mission work, was burdened with the task of arranging caravans for transport so as to supply the needs of fellow missionaries further up-country. The labor entailed in engaging carriers, paying them, not in coin but in the currency of barter—brass rods, cotton goods, etc.—the store-keeping which was the corollary of such barter, the keeping of accounts, had proved all too much for one man, and he had broken down under the strain. The Mission looked around for a layman to go out to act as business man at Tunduwa, and Andrew Young volunteered for the post. His acceptance was very hearty and as soon as his outfit was ready, he proceeded to Rotterdam to join the S.S. *Afrikaan*, which would carry him to the Dutch trading station at Banana on the West African coast.

Previous to leaving England, he went up to Cliff College in Derbyshire, so that through a week's intercourse he might know personally the people directly responsible for the business direction of the Congo-Balolo Mission, a friendship which in the case of Dr. Harry Guinness himself was deepened in later years in Congo. . . .

It is to be noted that his work here (Lukunga) for the first time was almost entirely evangelistic. He was neither doing transport work nor his amateur medical work, but preaching and teaching continuously. The "business" work which he had in his earlier term deplored no longer acted as a safety valve. That work, which he had at times deemed uninspiring, had, within its limits, truly held an inspiration; the inspiration of tangible, visible, actual results. Two hundred cases unloaded into the store meant a definite contribution to the whole work of the mission; a caravan safely organized and started on its way meant another small triumph over those perversities of temper, inertia, and circumstance whereby Africa manifested her opposition to the New Kingdom—a Kingdom of the Spirit. After days of such work the man went

to bed healthily tired. He might cry "How long, O Lord?" anent the whole question of Gospel penetration into this dark region, but at least he had little to worry over as to his particular work's thoroughness.

Deciding to Prepare for Medical Service. (Pages 62-63, 73-74.)

The bent of Andrew Young's mind to what was to be his life's work became stronger as the months passed. The desperate plight of these poor people in their bodily distress appealed to him increasingly. He began to make a practice on Sundays, after helping in the main general religious morning service, of walking up the hill to the railway "hospital" to do what he could, unofficially, for the sufferers there.

His "medical" work was of course a medical missionary work: he held services regularly with the patients and distributed large numbers of English tracts, which the patients could read easily, he found, and with which his friends and neighbors of the English Baptist Mission kindly supplied him. By April he is clear as to his future line of service: "If I am spared to come home after three years, I should like to take a course in medicine as a medical missionary." . . .

On leaving Africa, Dr. Guinness left Young a "Materia Medica," and a work on therapeutics, whilst a medicine chest had already arrived for him from home. "I intend studying the books carefully in order to understand thoroughly how to use the drugs and so be able to help those round about." It is evident that the trend to future medical work is now fixed. An outbreak of sickness amongst his staff, which kept him busy both as doctor and nurse, only served to strengthen his resolve.

Earnest Christian Service in Africa. (Pages 95, 102-103.)

In Lukunga the days sped by. His store-helpers worked as well as he could make them, the house-boy cooked and swept, load after load brought through the jungle by his caravans filled the store, which was emptied again as the stations farther up-country sent in their requests. Disputes between carriers, grievances amongst workmen, precautions against robberies, all took up time. The medical work grew more and more. It was increasingly difficult to confine it to certain hours of the day: who can close down when "emergency cases," brought in slung hammocks over many weary forest miles, come in outside "consulting hours?"

But greater than any other responsibility was that of an overseer of the flock of God, "the care of the churches," involving constant decisions which might, humanly speaking, make or mar a soul. It is easy to say that we must not take ourselves too seriously, that "we can only do our best and leave it." At twenty-six, with no colleague at hand to consult, lacking the guidance of precedents and the philosophy which the years bring, the burden was almost unbearable. Always by deed and word there was the main objective to be more nearly approached, to make Jesus known to these children of Africa. Each day seemed as full as it could be, and yet each day had to have a little more crammed into it. And the full days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, until he seemed to have been forever and ever by that brown, rolling river. . . .

The days went by, filled with labor: the medical work, the business side inseparable from any mission station, the daily preaching, the long marches to out-stations, and the nerve-wrecking "palavers," trying to settle recondite questions often dependent upon native customs too obscure for any foreigner to trace. And then, at a time when the reserves of even his magnificent physique were used up, the dreaded haematuric fever again came upon him. There was no European at hand, but Mantu Parkinson, the first baptized Congo convert of the B. M. S., was acting as transport agent of that society in Lukunga. He took over the work until help came from down-river, whilst he and the Congo "boys" tended Young as well as they were able. They sent down a message to Wathen, the English Baptist Mission station, for help, and Young's old friend, G. R. R. Cameron, went up at speed to nurse him. The fever was defeated yet once more, but this time the resilience was very, very slow. Mr. Bain of his own Mission in Matadi, had come up, on hearing of Young's illness, to take charge of the work in Lukunga, and he also contracted the fever, so that Cameron had two patients in succession. Till Mr. Bain was up and about again, Young managed to hold on, but the worn-out body which had so valiantly marched countless miles in the suffocating bush and under a tropical sun, was down and out this time: the gallant spirit which had kept fevers at bay by sheer pluck and endurance, singing most untunefully, "Ye're a' welcome hame," the spirit which had forced the spent frame over weary miles to save sick bodies and to comfort sick souls—the spirit was all out of him now. He went up to the B.M.S. station at Wathen, hoping that the change and rest might help him, but a black depression followed him. To the missionaries there, it was evident that he needed his home climate and a thorough rest, and they wisely persuaded him that for the sake of his future usefulness it was his

duty to set out for England. One of their number traveled with him from Wathen to the railway, and the next letter home is dated from the coast, four months after his illness.

Beginning Medical Work in Shensi, China. (Pages 110-111, 113-114.)

In October 1904, the need of a medical man to work with Dr. Edwards, in the hospital at Shou Yang, in Shensi, was advertised in the *Student Movement*. This attracted his attention, since Dr. Edwards' name was well known to the missionary enthusiast, who, having lived in Rochdale, had inevitably come into contact with the Kemp family, to which Mrs. Edwards belonged. By November, 1904, he wrote from London that the matter was definitely settled, though various duties would keep him in England for some months. By October 1905, his way was clear, and he set sail for Shanghai on the *Prinz Heinrich*. . . .

At Shanghai, where he had intended to catch a Tientsin steamer in order to reach Tai Yuan, the capital of Shensi, he received a wire from Dr. Edwards of that city asking him if he would go temporarily to Sianfu, the capital of Shensi, as the Mission there was in urgent need of help. This meant a radical change of plan, a long separation from his heavy luggage and from redirected letters, which would find him only after many days. It is the sort of contretemps which so many Indian Civil servants, army officers, business folk and missionaries in the East are meeting constantly, and in which an equable temperament and a not undue sense of one's own self-importance are valuable. Young took it all very calmly, and had "no doubt that the change of destination will serve some wise purpose." Years later he would remind us humorously that we in Shensi must treat him respectfully, or he would pack up his traps and make for his *real* station, which was Shansi. At the moment of his changed plans, though writing only from Shanghai, he still managed to convey to his home people some Shensi local color, telling them that Sianfu is the ancient capital of China, the place to which the Empress Dowager fled from Peking in 1900 after the Boxer defeat.

His Marriage to Dr. Charlotte Murdoch. (Pages 139-140, 142-143, 145.)

When Dr. Campbell Morgan accepted the invitation in 1904 to start the great work which he was to carry out in Westminster, he looked around for a suitable lieutenant for the women's side of the work and invited Charlotte Murdoch to undertake the task.

For eighteen months after her graduation, she had combined deaconess training with medical practice. The invitation now given pointed both to a great opportunity and a great sacrifice. To succeed in the work meant building up a hive of happy human interests amongst the women of the congregation; nurses, secretaries, teachers, typists, retail-house assistants, lodging-house keepers, women of all ages and conditions. Such work needed courage, sureness of touch, intuition and an informed sympathy. It also meant a check to medical work, and this at a period when the graduate most needed practice. For the daughter of a medical man enthusiastic for his profession, a member of a home where medical shop was one of the leading interests—of her sisters, one is a doctor and another is a nurse—it was no light thing to put aside a profession for which she had qualified.

But while many women were pressing into the medical profession, there were few, very few, who could have undertaken, at that date, the particularly delicate work needed at Westminster. And so Dr. Murdoch was sunk in Sister Charlotte, and Dr. Campbell Morgan got his lieutenant who organized and led the deaconess corps in Buckingham Gate.

It was there in 1905 that Andrew Young (who at the time was acting as assistant to Dr. Brailey, the Harley Street eye specialist), working as hard on Sundays as on week days, came to help in the Sunday School at Westminster Church, London—where he kept his boys entranced with tales of Congo life—and in following up cases of men who had been influenced by evangelistic services. The friendship then formed between the head of the “follow-up” department and her volunteer assistant resulted later in a loss to the Westminster staff and a gain for that of Shensi when Sister Charlotte came out there to share Andrew Young’s life and work.

By the rules of the B. M. S. he could not marry with the Society’s consent until after the completion of his first year’s language study, but by February 1907, he was ready to proceed to Shanghai, take his examination there, and await the arrival of his wife to be. The shopping expeditions in search of furniture which followed their marriage were sandwiched between the meetings of the great Ecumenical Conference of 1907, a happy introduction for Mrs. Andrew Young to her future life in China.

They came back by the Han River, a three months’ trip, working on the language with a teacher en route. By road and cart, one can do practically nothing in this way, since such travel, though enjoyable, leaves little energy for study in the inns at the close of the day, whereas on a boat study is possible. . . .

The last stage of the journey from the Han River to the city, given good weather and roads free from bandits—and in those days

there was real government in Shensi—is a delight. Young had always found in mountain scenery an uplift that took him out of himself. He was not likely to appreciate it less on the journey on which he brought home his wife.

“On Wednesday, our course lay up the bed of the stream the whole day, through a gorge, there being magnificent high mountains on either side, all to a greater or less extent clothed in green right up to the summit. Thursday and Friday, however, crowned all, as far as scenery is concerned. We passed through the high mountain ranges forming the watershed between the Yangtze and the Yellow Rivers. The scenery was simply superb and cannot be described on paper. At the base of the hills stretched the light green of the rice fields, above was the darker green of the trees, and higher still the yet darker combination of green and brown rising to the summits of the hills.”

This picture of their journey from the coast, their interest in the scenes through which they passed, and in the people whom they met, their facility for making light of the discomforts of travel, of enjoying it all as a picnic, brings out a characteristic which Young and his wife had in common; they were incorrigible gypsies. “The long road which stretches and the roadside fire” was to them pure joy. To pack up a change of linen, a Bible and a medical book or two and go off to the rescue of some sick body separated from them by roaring rivers and muddy roads was quite a casual affair. Even the babies that came later did not cure them. Russell Young must have travelled thousands of miles. Father was needed as a doctor, mother as a doctor or nurse or anaesthetist or housekeeper—it was all one so long as it was service, and it was all good fun—and so the babe was packed into the mule litter or cart, and off went the whole happy family in the greatest good humor. The Lord wanted a piece of work done and these two loyal souls set about the doing of it, not in the spirit of servants carrying out a task, but as those who had once for all the word, “I call you not servants but friends.” As their Lord’s disciples and friends they set out on the path He showed them.

His First Woman Patient. (Pages 164-166.)

One gets a better opportunity of realizing the worth of this character and also the discipline of the spirit which she represents, by reading Young (and others) upon the first woman patient of the Sianfu hospital. She impressed him so much that he does not give her name but refers to her always as if she were above mere surnames. Her name was Li. She was suffering from a large tumor which involved a heavy operation and a prolonged stay in the

hospital. Having been accustomed to ruling the little world of her own household—husband, sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren—with an iron hand, she naturally wanted at first to rule the women's ward of the hospital likewise. For the foreign doctor she had respect. Here was deep calling unto deep. Did he not also rule a little kingdom? A fellow potentate she could meet on terms of amity. But as for ward boys, dispensers, assistants, male or female, let them recognize authority. Was she not the old lady? Had not her daughters-in-law born men children into the world? Was it not fixed in the laws of the universe that to such as she rule was given? And she proceeded by the power of her tongue to attempt to extend her empire. Poor lao t'ai-t'ai! She met with some severe shocks and put up a brave fight before she recognized that even in a mission hospital, where kindness is the dominant note and red tape is never exalted, there must be rules and these must be followed by *all* inmates; even by the exalted in the earth. Very voluble were her protests, very scathing her scorn; driven out of one entrenchment, she fought gamely in the next; but at length, when it was made clear that she must obey or go, she submitted, only to find out how delightful submission could be.

She set herself, whilst in the hospital, to learn what could be learned, and her powerful intellect found a whole world of interest in the new ways of management she saw around her. But especially she set herself to learn "the teaching" which she was quick to see was the spring of the whole hospital life. She learned to read, she learned to pray, she even attempted to sing. And she broke through the barriers of age and prejudice and pride, when she learned the Truth that is in Jesus Christ. Her nature was transfigured, but the proportion of its elements was still there. A leader she would always be. As she had led in her village, so now she led in the women's ward; as she had forced her previous convictions upon the attention of her neighbors, so now she went about telling those whom she met of the Jesus who had come into her life "telling her all things that ever she did." And on her lips was the question: "Is not this the Christ?" The fine intellect, which had been so starved, had a new world of thought opened to it, to which it turned gratefully.

When she returned home she sang not only the praises of the physician and the hospital staff—though the loyal, grateful soul did that in full measure—she sang the praises of her Savior and was determined that "everybody should know" what joy was hers and might be theirs. She was back shortly at the hospital clamoring for preachers to be sent to her village. Husband and sons had to tramp miles to attend worship. The wonder is that they did not hate it, but presumably they had so long listened to her dictates

when these were burdensome, that the new orders seemed easy enough to obey. And soon they reached that point when they came for their own sakes. "We were surprised on Sunday afternoon, seeing that it was a very wet day, to have our afternoon service so well attended and to see the bright, smiling face of the husband of our first woman patient. He had tramped nearly ten miles in the rain." . . . The early services in her home resulted in a whole village being interested, and a place of worship—the first purely Shensi church home thus erected—was built.

His Medical Ministry. (Pages 152, 177, 185, 253.)

It is on this road work that the medical missionary sees for himself what suffering the Chinese endure through wrong treatment at the hands of the old-style practitioners. A certain knowledge of herbs these latter have gathered during the long centuries, and in some of their methods, such, for example, as counter-irritants, they show skill; but their plasters, their objection to soap and warm water, their needle-probing and other devices mean martyrdom to many a sufferer. When one dives beneath the surface to find out the why and wherefore of their treatment, the grotesqueness of the reasoning is often startling. It is a shock, for instance, to come across a patient who, upon his stomach, has a ghastly moving protuberance, which turns out to be a frog, which, being cold-blooded, is there to draw away the undue heat of the patient's troubled organs. The doctors in Shensi were constantly meeting with instances of such methods. "We have one man who had his eye pierced to cure cataract, the result being that he lost it"—the loss being the eye and not the cataract. "Another man who came had had needles stuck in about the stomach and shoulder-blade to cure indigestion. Strangely enough, he got no better but rather worse."

Young's first operation in China was, characteristically enough, upon one of the poor outcasts. He saw him again in February, 1908, at the yearly meetings, to which the members came from far and near. In 1905 this man had been a regular tramp—dirty, ragged, very nearly blind; now he was a clean, cheerful-looking, strong fellow with perfect sight. He had become a church member. "There are some bright spots," Young adds, "in the medical work, as you see. This is one of the direct results from it, as the man had had no previous interest in or knowledge of Christian truth."

The first insane case that was brought to the hospital was in 1903, and the manner of the arrival shocked us greatly. The poor patient, a man about thirty, came loaded with heavy chains and led by his relatives. It seemed a brutal exhibition, yet in an inland province where there are no asylums for the insane, and the family

is too poor to depute one of the members constantly to guard the patient, it is difficult to see what else could be done, if the community is to be safeguarded from the danger of sudden outbreak.

Here are a few typical cases showing how the medical missionary spent his days: "We are pretty busy, lately having had nearly twice as many patients as we are supposed to find room for. One young fellow was brought in about ten days ago with his thigh bone broken in two places. He had fallen from a roof in the West Suburb. He was a difficult case to manage. The splints would be all fixed carefully and satisfactorily one day, and when I went into the ward next day they were off, lying beside him. This was done several times, but yesterday he seemed to have come to his senses and to be getting on better."

On December 5, 1911, Young wrote: "Our wards are still as full as ever. No sooner does one go out than another is ready to take his place, though there are not quite so many wounded The other day a man came in who had been shot, the bullet having gone in just at the side of the lower part of the nose and out behind the ear, shattering the bones on that side, and the nerve supplying one side of the face. This occurred six weeks before admission. . . . If more wounded come in, the authorities will have to give us a new place as a hospital; we cannot take more on our present premises."

In Peril at the Beginning of the Revolution. (Pages 236-237, 241-242, 243, 244.)

It was about midnight when they finally got away. Liu, the horse-boy, and Chi-wa, the cook, each had a bundle containing tins of milk, the baby's blankets and a little bedding. The party started straight up the mountain that looms above Chungpu. There was no moon, only starlight. At one point on the road, where a member of the church lived, they stopped and entered his house with some difficulty, since he lived in the middle of a village and it was necessary not to disturb the neighbors. This man refused to take them in. He said that the baby would be sure to cry and the neighbors would then discover the whole party. Probably the man was right, and harsh and cruel as such a rebuff seemed to the wanderers, it made for their ultimate safety. Several villages were reached and passed by as silently as possible. The child, sleeping quietly in his father's arms, gave no sound. No dog barked, no villager stirred. Hour after hour they kept on, until the faint dawn grew into clearer light.

At six o'clock they dared go no farther. Turning from the main track, they scouted around for some refuge. In less than five

minutes they found a deserted cave, and there they remained all day. Towards evening Mrs. Young, looking up to the door of the cave, was startled to see a man gazing in upon them. He had been following his cow about along the valley, and was as startled to see a group of people in the cave as they were to see him. He turned out to be an old friend of Ts'ao, whom the latter had not seen for twenty years. Ts'ao called him in and gave him the whole story. The new friend offered to stand guard over them until night-fall and keep the villagers away."

I have often wondered what would happen if a family in England should be wakened up in the middle of the night by absolute strangers fleeing for their lives and asked to take them in and hide, feed and generally provide for them; knowing that it would mean certain death for themselves if they were caught thus giving succor to people who were not only strangers but foreigners as well! The only trouble in those men's minds was the old couple who lived next door to them. They said the old man was a dreadful chatterer and if he knew that we were there, he would just go down to the fair, and it would soon be all over the country. How to circumvent the old man and his wife was what they were talking about. At last they decided that they would take us about a mile up the valley to another deserted cave, and that they would bring food up to us there, and keep a general look-out and see that nobody went up that way.

"We had to go up again and walk up the valley in the dark. It was just like every other deserted cave except that far in on one side there was a hole about two feet in diameter, partly in the floor, partly in the wall. This let down into a little place that had evidently been dug out to store grain. It was just high enough to stand upright in and it was big enough for us to lie down in, with room for Ts'ao to lie across our feet. There was plenty of ventilation through some rat-holes and they put straw down for us to lie on. We stayed there for a week Then after we had been there for a week, the boys came back with our escort. The noise of a match scratching above the hole was the way our visitors were announced."

For the three young men had succeeded in their venture. Several times on the way they were set on. They were robbed of what meagre store they had, but finally they reached Sianfu and made their way to the Mission, bringing great relief to the people there, who had day after day longed for some news from the north

The new Governor and his staff knew only too well that such an office would be sadly needed after the disastrous way the foreigners' safety had been overlooked in the first place. Looking around for a good second in command here, he appointed Mr. Shih, who had

been Young's language teacher. He had, when acting in that capacity for Dr. Creasy Smith in 1900, been for months in Peking after the Siege of the Legations. He had travelled widely in China, was conversant with the foreign point of view, and a better appointment could hardly have been made at such a juncture. On hearing of the Youngs' plight, he was not only shocked because of the reflection such treatment would bring to the new provincial government, he was deeply distressed as a personal friend of the sufferers. He acted with energy and courage, demanding a heavily-armed escort, full powers to deal with local authorities *en route*, money and conveyances. Arriving at Ichun, he sent forward a part of the guard under the guidance of Young's two boys to bring the fugitives into the town, whilst he himself stayed with the remainder of the guard so as to impress upon the town leaders the importance of his mission, and to see that there should be no ebullition of temper in the place. As a result, the public welcome given to the Youngs upon their appearance November 16, 1911, was a useful little lesson to the whole of that district and an excellent bit of instruction for that northern road. Mr. Shih might not know the word "propaganda"; he thoroughly understood the thing.

Paying the Penalty of Overwork. (Pages 288-289, 300-301, 309, 310-311.)

Since the time when he left England for China in the spring of 1913, there had been four years of almost incessant toil and anxiety, varied only by travel under trying conditions and at forced speed. Again and again the warning which fatigue should have given him was ignored, its inhibitions kept at bay by the reinforcements of religious devotion and a steel-like will. But in March, 1918, he had a complete collapse, and had to put down everything and leave for Hwai Yuen

A deputation from home arrived in November, 1919, and it was decided, after careful consideration and consultation, to close the San Yuan hospital for the time being (as Dr. Charter was going home) and to concentrate at Sianfu until the normal staff there could be guaranteed. Dr. Jones had to escort this deputation to Shantung, where, in a remote station served by no regular medical, a member of the Mission suffering from typhoid detained him. As a consequence Young was again alone for three weary months. All that year the constant racing off to distant towns to attend upon foreigners of various missions was a terrible drain, whilst Dr. Jones, who returned from Shantung in March, broke down badly under the incessant work carried on amongst the wounded through the heat of the South Shensi summer. He had to leave hurriedly

with his family in September and Andrew Young held on as best he could. For three weeks in July there was cessation of fighting. Any civilian patients who could safely be sent home left the hospital, whilst out-patient days were suspended. The Youngs moved out to the East Suburb, which was a shade cooler and at least more in the open. And there, when every moment of those three weeks should have been spent in rest, and at a time when the sweat rolled off the writers on to any paper they touched, he and his wife struggled day after day with hospital accounts! No kindlier, gentler souls ever worked in the mission field, but even from them is wrung the admission "the hospital accounts are intolerable."

Yet, happy as they were at San Yuan, one cloud gathered volume as the months passed. Andrew Young's store of energy had run dangerously low, whilst he was as far as ever from sparing himself. "If a person is ill," said his Chinese friends, "it seems as though he takes the illness upon himself." The burden of his spiritual message grew heavier also, its urgency more insistent. "He speaks as though his heart were almost too full for speech, so earnest is he in all he says," was their comment on his appearance at the last United Church meetings which he attended. "I shall be glad," wrote his wife in January, 1922, "to get Andrew home on furlough, for he does need a rest and change. He has had much responsibility and hard work these many years I do hope he will have a real rest without the burden of deputation speaking"

Did a smile lurk behind the kindly, patient brown eyes when "Mr. Glory Tai-fu" (Dr. Young) recognized the disease which had seized him? So often had he fought it across the bodies of others that it seemed almost to wear the face of a friend at last. Typhus might be a dread enemy to the many but for Cecil Robertson, Stanley Jenkins and Andrew Young it was, after all, only a messenger. "He maketh His ministers a flame of fire." Over the body of this beloved physician, as over many a patient of his before, the battle was waged, and this time with better human hopes. Never before had Shensi had two British doctors and four British nurses available for one patient. Almost to the end it seemed as if skill and devotion would prevail to keep this servant of Jesus with us, but the patient's powers of resistance had been lowered by years of persistent overwork, and on April 29, 1922, the final onslaught of the fever prevailed. To use a language which for years had been as the native speech of Andrew Young, the time of his reward was at hand. He had kept the faith, he had finished the course; the Crown that had been set aside for him was waiting to be revealed at last, when he should go to be with the Christ Whom having not seen he had loved so long. The Chinese, for whom he had labored

so untiringly were not slow to do him honor. The United Church and the poor, torn State were present at his funeral. The sorrow of the many poor for whom he had toiled in such kindness was the laurel of his wreath. By the Shensi Mission, by the Society at home, by his friends in four continents, the departing which was gain for him was counted as sore loss.

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